

# Amid the Falling Snow

Enya

How I remember sleepless nights,  
when we would read by candlelight,  
and on the windowpane outside  
a new world made of snow. A million feathers falling down,  
a million stars that touch the ground:  
so many secrets to be found  
amid the falling snow. Maybe I am falling down;  
tell me, should I touch the ground?  
Maybe I won't make a sound  
in the darkness all around.  
The silence of a winter's night  
brings memories I hold inside;  
remembering a blue moonlight  
upon the fallen snow. Maybe I am falling down;  
tell me, should I touch the ground?  
Maybe I won't make a sound  
in the darkness all around.  
I close my window to the night.  
I leave the sky her tears of white,  
and all is lit by candlelight  
amid the falling snow. And all is lit by candlelight  
amid the falling snow.

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